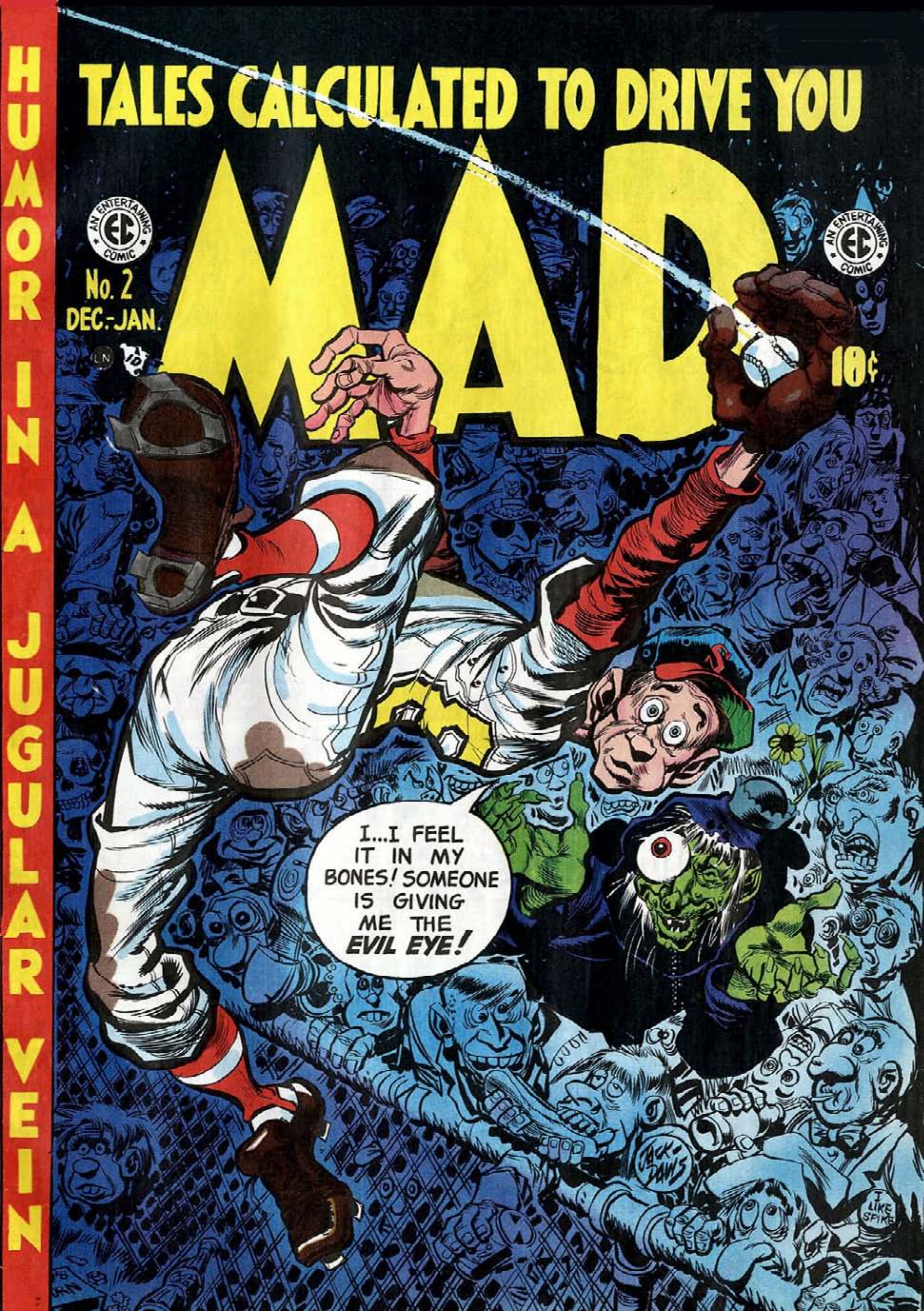
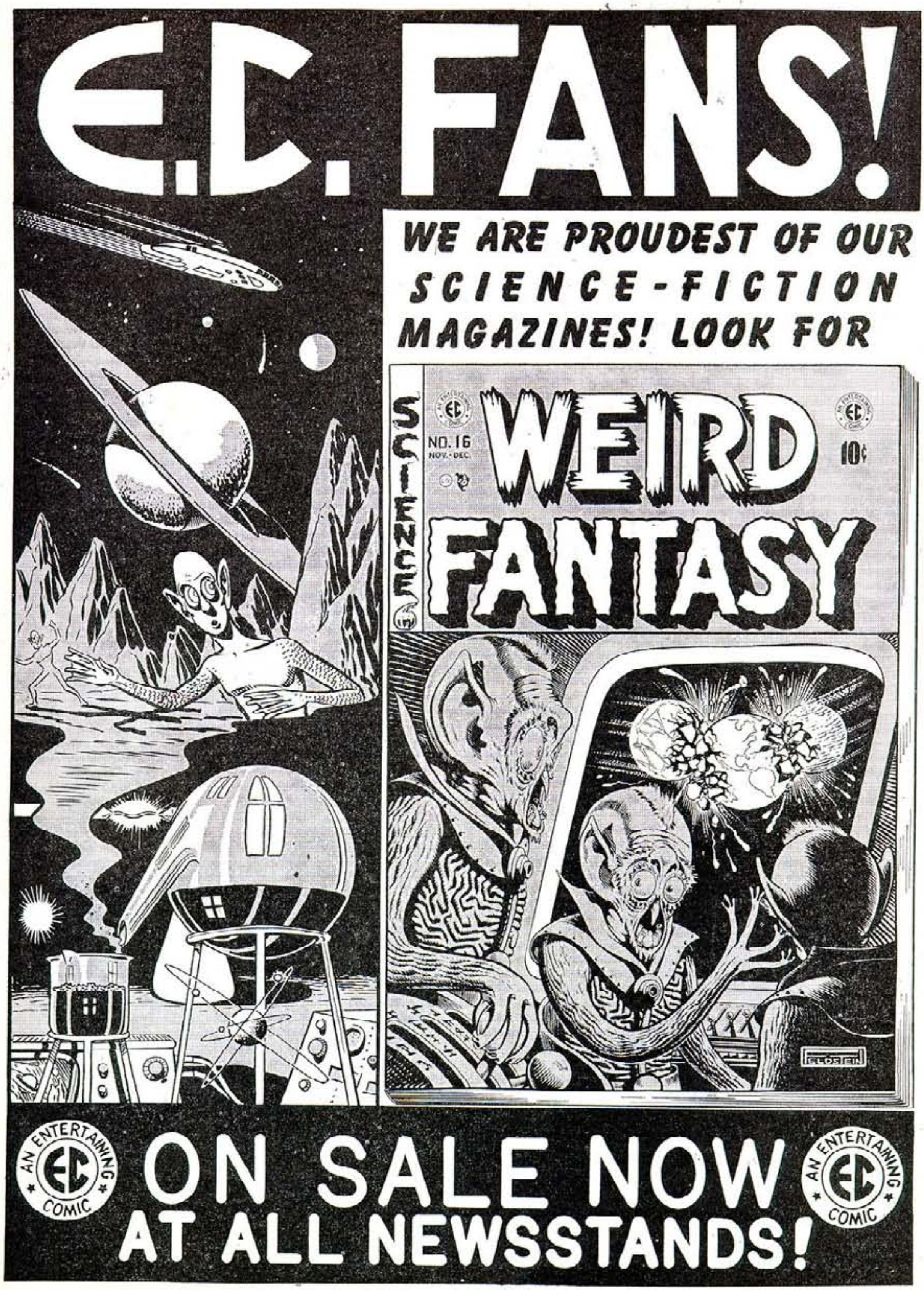

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN
TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU
MAD
No. 2
DEC.-JAN.
10¢
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
I...I FEEL IT IN MY BONES! SOMEONE IS GIVING ME THE EVIL EYE!
JACK DAVIS
I LIKE SPIKE



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TERROR DEPT.: THERE ARE MANY THINGS GOING ON IN THE WORLD THAT ARE VERY STRANGE... THAT HAVE NO EXPLANATION! MANY THINGS IN MANY PHASES OF LIFE... EVEN IN THE GAME OF BASE-BALL! THERE ARE THE SUPERSTITIONS, THE BELIEFS IN THE UNNATURAL, THE BELIEFS IN THE...
HEX!
OOOH, NO!
STRRRIKE THREE!
YER OUT!
SWEATSOX
MELVIN DAVIS
I'M SORRY, LEO! I GUESS THIS JUST ISN'T MY DAY!
SORRY, HE SAYS! SORRY! WE PRACTICALLY GOT THE PENNANT IN OUR POCKETS... TWO PLAYOFF GAMES TIED... THE FINAL GAME... WOT HAPPENS!
...I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENS... MY PITCHERS SUDDENLY CAN THROW FAT PITCHES, WILD PITCHES! THE OTHER TEAM STEALS BASES ON US, CATCHES US NAPPING... AND MY BIG TIME CLEANUP MAN CAN'T CLEAN BEANS... AN' FURTHERMORE...
1


AAH! I DON'T KNOW WHATSA MATTER WITH ME, YEGGI! I CAN'T SEEM TO BUY A HIT!
YOU MIGHT BE HEXED, CASEY! DID YUH TOUCH 2ND BASE ON YOUR WAY OUT?
NINE RUNS BEHIND... AN' YAKETTY YAK YAK YAK
AAAAH! DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF THAT SUPERSTITION STUFF, YEGGI!
MAYBE YUH TOOK DUH LAST BAT IN DUH RACK! BAD LUCK TO USE LAST BAT IN DUH RACK!
YAKKETY YAK YAK YAK!
HERE, CASEY! HERE'S A GOOD LUCK CHARM! IT'LL BRING YUH LUCK!
AAAH... WELL, THANKS, YEGGI! ... IF ANYTHING IS GIVING ME BAD LUCK, IT'S HER!
WHOZAT, CASEY?
THAT OLD DAME IN THE CENTERFIELD BLEACHERS! EVERY GAME, THAT OL' DAME SITS AN' LOOKS AT ME! A REGULAR GIRL FRIEND!
CIGARS
OOH! DAT'S... DAT'S DUH EVIL EYE! SHE'S GIVIN' YOU DUH WHAMMY!
EH, YOU BEEN READIN' TOO MANY COMIC BOOKS, YEGGI! LET'S PLAY BALL!
HMF! YEGGI SURE IS SUPERSTITIOUS! THAT OL' DAME IS PROBABLY MADLY IN LOVE WITH ME!... OOP! HERE COMES ONE MY WAY!
CLONK
IT'S GOIN' BACK INTO THE BLEACHERS... BACK... BACK...
2



ATTABOY, CASEY LOVER! THAT'S THE WAY TO SNAG 'EM, LOVER!
AAAH, YOU'VE BEEN BAD LUCK, DOLL! WE WON'T WIN THE PENNANT TODAY!
I'LL GIVE YOU LUCK, CASEY! PROMISE TO MARRY ME AND I'LL WIN YOU THE PENNANT!
SURE, I'LL MARRY YOU, DOLL! NOW LEMME CLIMB OUTTA YOUR LAP BACK INTO THE GAME...
OWCH
DUMB DAME! WHATSA IDEA STICKIN ME WITH A PIN?
BLOOD, CASEY! YOU AGREED TO A PACT AND WE'LL SIGN IT IN BLOOD!
X
QUIT TALKIN' TA THEM SPEC-TATORS, CASEY, ER I'LL SLAP A FINE ON YA!
CRAZY OL' DAME! STICKS ME WITH A PIN!
BLOOD! YAHAHA! A PACT IN BLOOD! YOU BELONG TO ME, CASEY... YAHAHA... TO ME!
VLABADOOMMMM
THUNDER! THAT'S FUNNY! THERE AIN'T A CLOUD IN THE SKY!
3


...NOW LISTEN, CASEY! THIS IS IT! LAST OF THE NINTH INNING... TWO MEN DOWN... NO MAN ON BASE... WE NEED A RALLY, BOY! A RALLY! GO OUT THERE, BOY! SHOW ME THE OL' CLUTCH HITTIN' CASEY I USED TO KNOW, BOY! (SOB) GO HIT A HOME RUN FER OL' LEO!
WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! LOOKS LIKE THE BALL GAME IS JUST ABOUT OVER! SPECTATORS'RE BEGINNING TO LEAVE! CASEY'S COMIN' UP TO BAT! HERE'S THE WINDUP... THE PITCH...
MEL
WOOP... POP FLY TO THE INFIELD...
... PEEWEE RUSS STANDING EASILY UNDER IT...
...FLICKS HIS SUN-GLASSES...AND HE MAKES THE CA---
...WAIT A MINUTE!
DUCKERS
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! THE BALL HAS HOPPED AWAY FROM PEEWEE'S GLOVE! THIS OLD ANNOUNCER'S EYES MUST BE GOING BAD!
MEL
THERE'S A BIG RHUBARB GOING ON! THE UMPIRE IS EXAMINING THE BALL! HE SAYS NOTHING'S WRONG WITH THE BALL! CASEY'S SAFE ON FIRST!
PLAY BALL!
4


IT LOOKS LIKE THE SWEAT SOX ARE RALLYING! YEGGI BORRA BELTS ONE OUT!
...STAN MUSICAL CONNECTS!
...PREACHER ROWBOAT CONNECTS!
...EDDY STUNKY CONNECTS!
WHAT A GAME, FOLKS! WHAT A GAME! WITH TWO MEN OUT, THE SWEAT SOX HAVE RALLIED IN THE LAST HALF OF THE NINTH AND JUST NEED FOUR MORE RUNS TO CLINCH THE PENNANT! NOW CLEANUP MAN CASEY STEPS TO THE PLATE...
...HE HITS A LINE DRIVE TO THE CENTERFIELD... MELVIN DEMOOGIO'S GOT IT...
...NO!!!...THE BALL IS TAKING A CRAZY HOP... SAILING OVER DEMOOGIO'S HEAD... OUT...OUT... OUT OF THE PARK!
BEEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
...HOME RUN!
5


WELL, WE'RE OFF TO NEW YORK!
IF WE KIN GET THROUGH THESE FANS!
KIN I HAVE YER AUTOGRAPH?
HUH, AUTO-GRAPH?
HUH? HUH?
AUTO-GRAPH, CASEY?
TRACK 9
GOOD LUCK CASEY
GOOD LUCK
HERE YOU ARE!
HERE'S MY AUTO-GRAPH!
HERE!
HERE YOU ARE!
HERE...
ULP!
I DON'T WANT YOUR AUTO-GRAPH, CASEY! I WANT YOU!
THE PACT! YOU SIGNED THE PACT IN BLOOD...
PACT, SHMACT! BE A GOOD DOLL AN' GET LOST!
X
WHO WUZ DAT, CASEY? WHO WUZ DAT OL' WOMAN YOU PUSHED IN DE FACE?
AAAH! THAT DOLL IS STILL FOLLOWING ME AROUND!
UH-OH! YOU SHOULDN'NA DONE DAT! SHE'S HEXED! SHE'LL HEX US ALL!
COME OFF IT, WILLYA YEGGI! COME ON! LET'S GET A GAME OF BLACKJACK GOING!
MAD
GRAND CENTRAL STAATION!
NEW YORK!
LOOK AT THE FANS, WILLYA?
AUTO-GRAPH?
AUTO-GRAPH, MR. CASEY?
OOH PLEASE?
OOH! OOH! OOH!
PLEASE GIMME AUTO-GRAPH?
AH, C'MON!


OKAY!
HERE'S MY AUTOGRAPH!
HERE!
HERE Y'ARE!
HERE YOU ARE!
ONE AT A T... YOING!
NO MORE AUTOGRAPHS TODAY!
SORRY!
NO MORE!
NO MORE, I SAID!
NOBODY ALLOWED IN HERE
GID-DADDA HERE!
WHEW!
AT LAST! I'M ALONE IN MY HOTEL ROOM!
ALONE AT LAST ALONE... ALO... AL... A...
HEE HEE HEE HEE!
THE PACT! I'VE COME TO FULFILL THE PACT! THE PACT WE MADE IN BLOOD!


I TELL YA, LEO! I HOID A HORRIBLE SHRIEK IN CASEY'S ROOM! A HORRIBLE SHRIEK!
HERE WE GOT THE SERIES IN OUR POCKET, AN' WOT HAPPENS... WOT HAPPENS?
OPEN UP, CASEY!
THE WINDOW!
HE JUMPED! HOW COULD HE DO THIS TO ME?
CRASH
TWENTY STORIES TO THE GROUND! HOW COULD THAT FILTHY DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT KILL HIMSELF?
YEGGI! I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK! IS THE BODY BADLY MUTILATED? DID HE LAND FLAT OR ON HIS HEAD? I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD!
HE DID'N LAND AT TALL! HE... HE... HOO...
LEO! LEO!
WHAT'S DAT UP DERE?
WHERE, UP THERE? WHERE? WHERE? UP THERE? WHERE? WHAT? WHO! WHO! HOW!
WHA?
PLINK
I T'OUGHT I SAW TWO PEOPLE... R-RIDIN' ON A B-B-BROOM STICK... I T'OUGHT!
OW!
WHATSAT FELL OUTTA THE SKY! A GOOD LUCK CHARM? WHA? WHA? WHO? WHO? WHO?
HOW?
THE CHARM I GAVE CASEY! I GOT A FEELING CASEY'S GONE FOR GOOD! I GOT A FEELIN' WE GONNA LOSE THE SERIES! I GOTTA FEELIN' WE BEEN HEXED!
8


JUNGLE DEPT.: AFRICA! WILD...UNTAMED LAND WHERE TIME STANDS TANGLED IN THE JUNGLE! AFRICA!... HOME OF THE FIERCE GMOWGLI PYGMIES... THE TERRIBLE NGAMBWALI CANNIBALS, AND THE HORRIBLE OOKABALLAKONGA HEAD HUNTERS! ALSO, HOME OF THE JUNGLE APEMAN ... AN APEMAN NAMED...
MELVIN!
OOK! OOK! OOK!
OOK! OOK!
OOK!
OOK! OOK!
OOK! OOK?
OOK!
OOK!
EEK!
HO HUM! ME, MELVIN OF APES, TIRED DIS NONSENSE! I TINK I GO HOME TO JANE! I TINK I GIVE WAR CRY OF KING OF APES...
HOOOOO HAA!
OOK!
OOK!
OOK! OOK!
HEY! ME FORGET!... WHERE IS BOY? JANE TELL ME KEEP EYE ON BOY! WHERE BOY?
HEY! LOOK AT DAT MUSCLE!
SWOOSH!
1


HEY, MELVIN OF APES! HERE ME COME! HERE COME BOY!
KRASH!
HOO HA!
KLOMP!
THUMP!
HOOOOOP!
THUD!
OOPS! ME GET SUDDEN CRAMP IN LEG, BUT HERE ME COME, MELV!
HOO HA!
CLEARUM DECK, MELV! ME GONNA SWING OUT ON VINE AN...
BOY MISS!
EEEEEE
BOY! HOW MANY TIMES ME TELL YOU TO USE HANDS WHEN SWING FROM VINE! SHOW-OFF! ...FOR THAT YOU WALK HOME!
KRASH!
HO! AT LAST AFTER MUCH SWINGING SWIFTLY O'ER AERIAL SKYWAY IN TREE-TOPS, ME COME IN SIGHT OF JUNGLE HOUSE WHERE JANE WAITS!
2


HELLO, JANE! WHAT COOKIN'?
OOOH MELVIN! JANE AFRAID! I HEAR TANTOR THE ELEPHANT TALKING WITH NGAMBO THE LION! TANTOR SAY, OOKABALLAKONGA GOIN' ON WARPATH!
WHAT FOR SUPPER? MMM! CHOPPED JAMBO LEAVES AN HOMINY GRITS!
MELVIN! WHEN OOKABALLAKONGA GO ON WARPATH... THEY TAKE HEADS AND SHRINKUM! MELVIN! SAY OOKABALLAKONGA WON'T GO ON WARPATH! PLEASE SAY...
MOTHER?
LISTEN, MELVIN!
IS WARDRUM OF OOKABALLAKONGA! DIS SERIOUS!
WE DON'T HAFTA TAKE NONE O' THAT BOLONEY, MELV! LET'S GO OUT AN' BLAST 'EM!
UGH, JANE! YOU GOT FIRE STICK OF MANY THUNDERS! MELVIN NO LIKE FIRESTICK! BAD WHITE MAN INVENTION! MELVIN BREAK!
BOMTiDDiBOMTiDDiBOMBOM!!
KONK!
BOMTiDDiBOM!
COME, JANE! ME GO PICK UP SPOOR OF OOKABALLA-KONGA! ME TELL 'EM TO CUT DAT NOISE OUT!
HO JANE! ME PICK UP SPOOR OF TRAIL! MAN SCENT GROWING STRONGER! IS VERY STRONG NOW!
SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF
SNIFF



THE OOKABALLAKONGA
STAN' BACK, JANE! ME GONNA FIGHT! ME GIVE WAR CRY OF N'GOWA... BIG BULL APE!
HOOO HAA!
HA... OOKABALLAKONGA! PUT 'EM UP! ME HEAR HOW YOU SHRINK HEADS!
HAH! ME KNOW HOW YOU GOT STRANGE MYSTERIOUS FORMULA TO SHRINK 'EM!
PLOPLOPLOPLOPLOPLOP!
HEY! BUT YOU NO SHRINKUM MY HEAD! COME ON! PUT 'EM UP... PUT 'EM UP!
HAH! ME KNOCK OUT ALL OOKABALLAKONGA EXCEPT DIS ONE PUNK! ME KNOCK HIM OUT, DEN GIVE VICTORY CRY OF N'GANDI, BIG BULL APE!
HOPPY FAN CLUB
OW!
POK!
PTOO!


MELVIN! DE OOKABALLAKONGAS ARE TAKING US AWAY TO SHRINK HEADS!
JANE! WHERE DAT OL' 50 CALIBER FIRE STICK? YOU SURE I BUST IT?
MELVIN! WE GONNA FIX YOUR WAGON! WE GONNA TIE YOU TO FOUR ELEPHANTS AN' TEAR YOU IN FOUR EQUAL PARTS!
ANY LAST REQUESTS, OL' MAN?
SKULL MAP
YES! JUST LET MELVIN GIVE ONE L'IL OL' CRY OF BULL-APE, N'GOKKA, IN TROUBLE!
HOOO HA!
HOOO HAAAAA
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE?
HOOO HA!
HOOOO HAAA
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
HOO HA!
HOOO HAAAAA
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!



HOOOO HAAAA
HOOOOO HAAAA
HOOOO HAAAAA
HOOOO HAAAA
H_2O
SURRENDER!
WE SURRENDER!
FINS, I GOT!
KAMERAD!
FINGERS!
WHITE FLAG!
MELVIN! US OOKA-BALLAKONGAS GIVE UP! YOU BIG BOSS AROUND HERE FROM NOW ON! FORGIVE US! WE GIVE YOU GIFTS AND ALL KINDS BRIBES!
6


FIRST WE HAVE BIG FEAST! FRIED WART-HOG WARTS AND LITTLE LEFT-OVER HAUNCH OF EXPLORER WE HAD IN ICE BOX!
DEN WE GIVE YOU GIFTS! VOODOO DOLL YOU CAN STICK PINS IN! KEEP YOU MATE IN LINE!
OWCH!
DEN WE GIVE YOU COUPLA EXTRA WIVES! DIS ONE HERE... SHE KISS YOU... HOBOY! YOU STAY KISSED!
NOW FOR MAIN GIFT OF EVENING! VERY FINE GIFT MADE BY SECRET OL' OOKABALLAKONGA FORMULA! MAKE GOOD TELEVISION SET DECORATION!
BRING SPECIAL GIFT!
CLAP! CLAP!
NO!
IT CAN'T BE!
CHIEF CHOW CHEF
IS SHRUNKEN HEAD!
...IS BOY!
UGH! GO WAY, BOY! YOU REPULSIVE!
AH COM'ON MELV! ME GOOD! ME SWING ON VINE WIT' TWO HANDS NOW! TAKE BOY BACK TO TREE HOUSE, WILLYA? HUH? WILLYA? HUH? HUH? WILLYA?
7



Monongahela Wheeler, private eye, flashed his badge at Babalou O'Brien, his nagging secretary.

"Listen, Mo! We owe Mr. Gaines, the Baron of Lafayette Street, five months back rent on this broom closet. You haven't made a prune since you caught the counterfeiter, Two-Buck Tim from Timbuktu! Now you have a chance for an interview and free publicity on the coast-to-coast broadcast, 'Breakfast with Max and Minx'!

"Desist, woman! I don't believe in *mind over mattress* . . . rising at 6 in the a.m. to chit-chat with a couple of bleary-eyed early birds! Besides . . . I can't stomach their sponsor's product, the breakfast food that's packed in shell casings. What with Minx's canaries chirping the Anvil Chorus, the cereal exploding, and the friction in Max's diction, I won't get a plug in edgewise! No! I refuse!"

Just then, a beautiful woman, with mascara-smeared eyelids, swivel-hipped into the office. As Babalou leered at the lovely intruder, Mo looked her over like the Sunday supplement.

"What *is* it, Mo? A raccoon???"

Mo observed that the mysterious lady was wearing a soft sighing whisp of a black chiffon chapeau with a rayon net cascading over a pure silk print dinner dress of mauve, aqua, topaz, and tissue faille beige. The whole effect was one of melodious cacophony, quiet dignity and unstudied flawlessness!! She was obviously a retired taxi-dancer.

The lady placed 498 one-dollar bills and a two-spot on Mo's desk. She spoke in a voice smooth as warm butterscotch pudding. "This is a small retainer, Mr. Wheeler! There's been foul play at 24 Claw St.!!" Then she turned on her wedgies and left.

Mo stuck the loot in his suit, the two-spot in an envelope for the landlord, and headed for

the house of evil with Babalou in tow!!

* * * * *

Soon, the sleuth and his steno were standing in the sinister, spider-webbed hallway of 24 Claw!

"Let's try that door at the top of the stairs, sweetheart! Watch that first step. Looks rotten!" . . . *"Right, Mo!"* . . . "Watch that second step. Pretty weak!" . . . *"Right, Mo!"* . . . "The third step, too!" . . . *"Right, Mo!"* . . . "Fourth's bad!" . . . *"Right, Mo!"* "Fifth's worse yet!" . . . *"Right, Mo!"* . . . Watch the SEVENTH step . . . very bad!"

There was a resounding crash! Mo would have to carry on alone, now! Reaching the landing, he opened the foreboding door! There, on the floor, was a murdered seaman in a blood-soaked oilskin coat and a sou'wester . . . a harpoon impaled in his back!!

"Here's one sailor who found a *storm* in a *port!* Judging from the angle this 600 pound Nantucket needle entered the body, it was thrown at close range! The serial number has been filed off. There must be hundreds of harpoons of the same caliber around town!"

As Mo whipped his magnifying glass into focus, the Lady-in-Mascara flounced into the room.

"Mr. Wheeler! The solution to this crime lies in that room across the hall!"

Mo raced to that perilous portal! He kicked it in with the toe of his tennis shoe. A red light flashed . . . ON THE AIR! Canaries chirped and breakfast food exploded. Radio technicians were absorbed in their decibels. A man with ear-phones threw a frantic finger at Max and Minx!

"Welcome to breakfast with the McSnarys, Mo! This was the only way we could get you on our precious program. Will you be our guest before you take us down to police headquarters?"

"You both will get the hot-divan for this caper! But I might comply with your last request. I haven't had my second cup of coffee as yet this morning."

As Mo looked around for the elusive Lady-in-Mascara, Babalou's voice came up from the cellar . . .

"Mo . . . you lout!!! Why didn t you tell me about that SIXTH step?????"

CALLING COSMO McMOON!

On a quiet stretch of meadowland in the midwest, a lonely steel tower reaches into the ether and pulls radio waves into the generator housed at its base. Then it sends the waves, now nourished and revitalized, out into space again to continue on their coast-to-coast journey.

One day, things went awry at this small but important transmitter. President F. M. Wavelength, the big chime of the Irrational Broadcasting System, called an emergency Board of Directors meeting.

"Gentlemen! I don't have to tell you why you are here! Just turn on the radio and you'll hear jumbled programs. H. V. Kettledrum, news analyst . . . Martin Cohen, private eye . . . and Mr. Trace, Loser of Keen Persons, are all working on the *same* case apparently. Jock Beanny appears to be playing *first violin* on the Boston Synphony broadcast! Actually, some unknown force, within the radius of one of our midwestern powerhouses, is jamming all the networks together! We have resorted to every known mechanical contrivance to detect the source of the interference, but to no avail!

"Therefore, I have called in an old schoolchum of mine, Prof. Cosmo McMoon, to solve this mystery. The professor and I went to Common Knowledge College together where I was captain of the All-American Tiddly-Winks Team. He played a very solid Left Tiddle!"

Just then, Prof. McMoon entered. Taking off his pith helmet, he addressed his old schoolmate. "Got your call, F. M.! I was spending a bit of a vacation at Lake Indian-name-to-end-all-Indian-named-lakes, in exclusive Westchester County. I hate to admit it, but I was about to be tossed out anyway! They discovered a knothole in my polo mallet. A breach of social etiquette if there ever was one!"

"Have you heard my new song, 'I'll take you home again, Kathleen — the last three cocktails turned you green!'? Or would you rather hear my theories on why the Missing Link is still missing?"

* * * * *

Prof. McMoon and F. M. arrived by plane at the site of the berserk transmitter. As Cosmo began his investigations in the vicinity, the oscillator in his bow tie started to blink and light up! He was hot on the trail!

The signals became strongest when he approached a little hut, tucked away in the woods, not far from the tower.

The door of the humble abode was opened by Walla-Walla Bazinski, a poor but honest farmer. He invited the two men into the plain interior. He introduced his wife, Mrs. Croton-on-the-Hudson Bazinski. On her lap sat ten month old Baden-Baden Bazinski. Music wafted through the room. The Bazinskis were too poor to own a radio, but the sound emanated from their little son's mouth!

"Incredible," cried Cosmo! "This little cherub is a human generator! He opens his mouth and his teeth act as a positive attractor of radio waves. His tongue acts as a conductor of electricity while his teeth are like the push-button station selectors on a radio. He has merely to run his tongue along his teeth to change from station to station!"

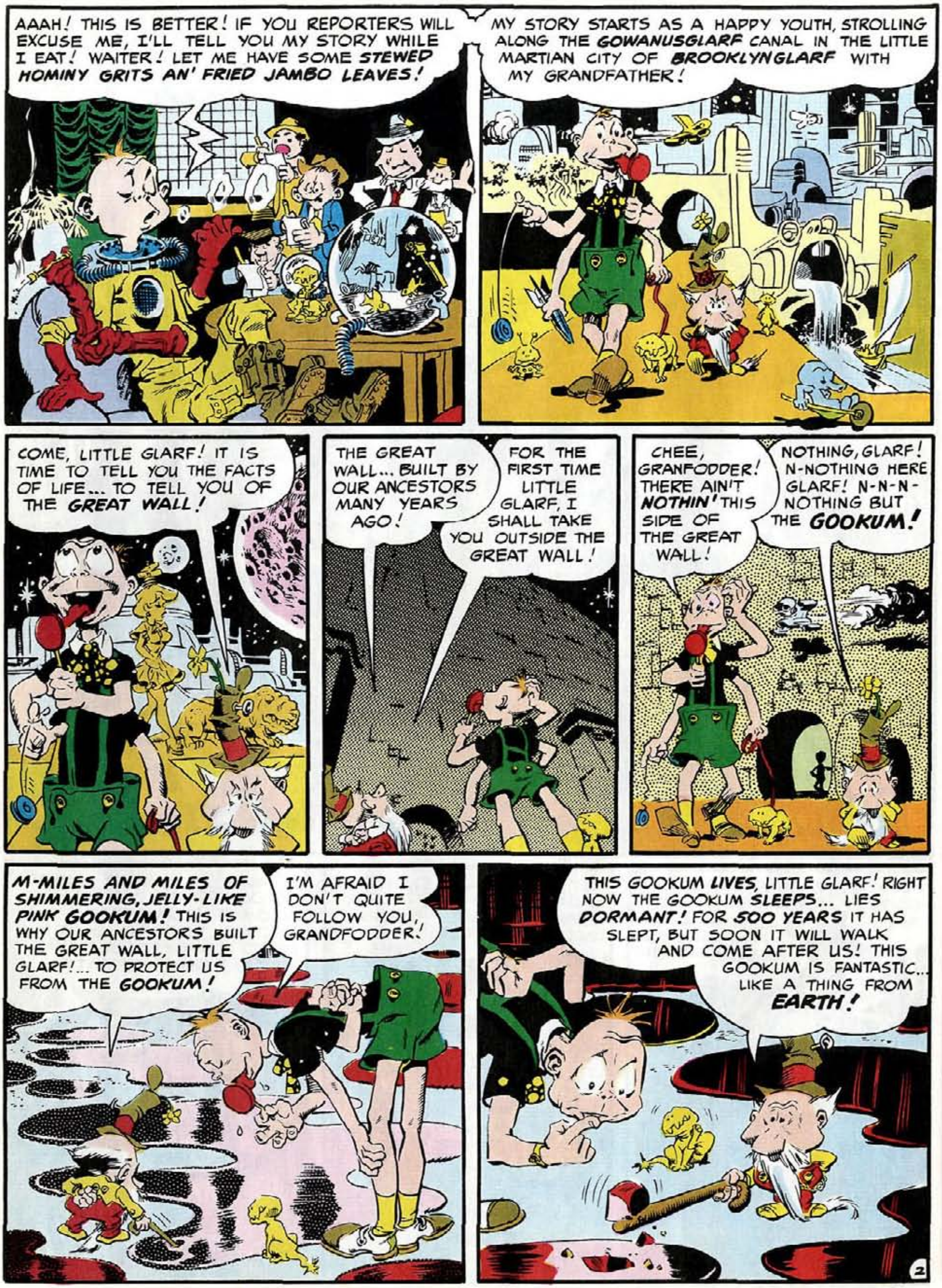
"Yes, and he doesn't take long to warm up like them hand-made radios!", offered Walla-Walla.

Now that the cause of the radio-wave jumbling was unearthed, Mr. F. M. Wavelength paid Mr. Bazinski $100,000 to have little B.B.'s baby teeth extracted. This done, stations only carried *one* program at a time as before.

Oh, yes!! The happy Bazinskis are now living in the heart of New York . . . near Radio City! They are waiting anxiously for their little boy's *second set* of teeth to cut gum!

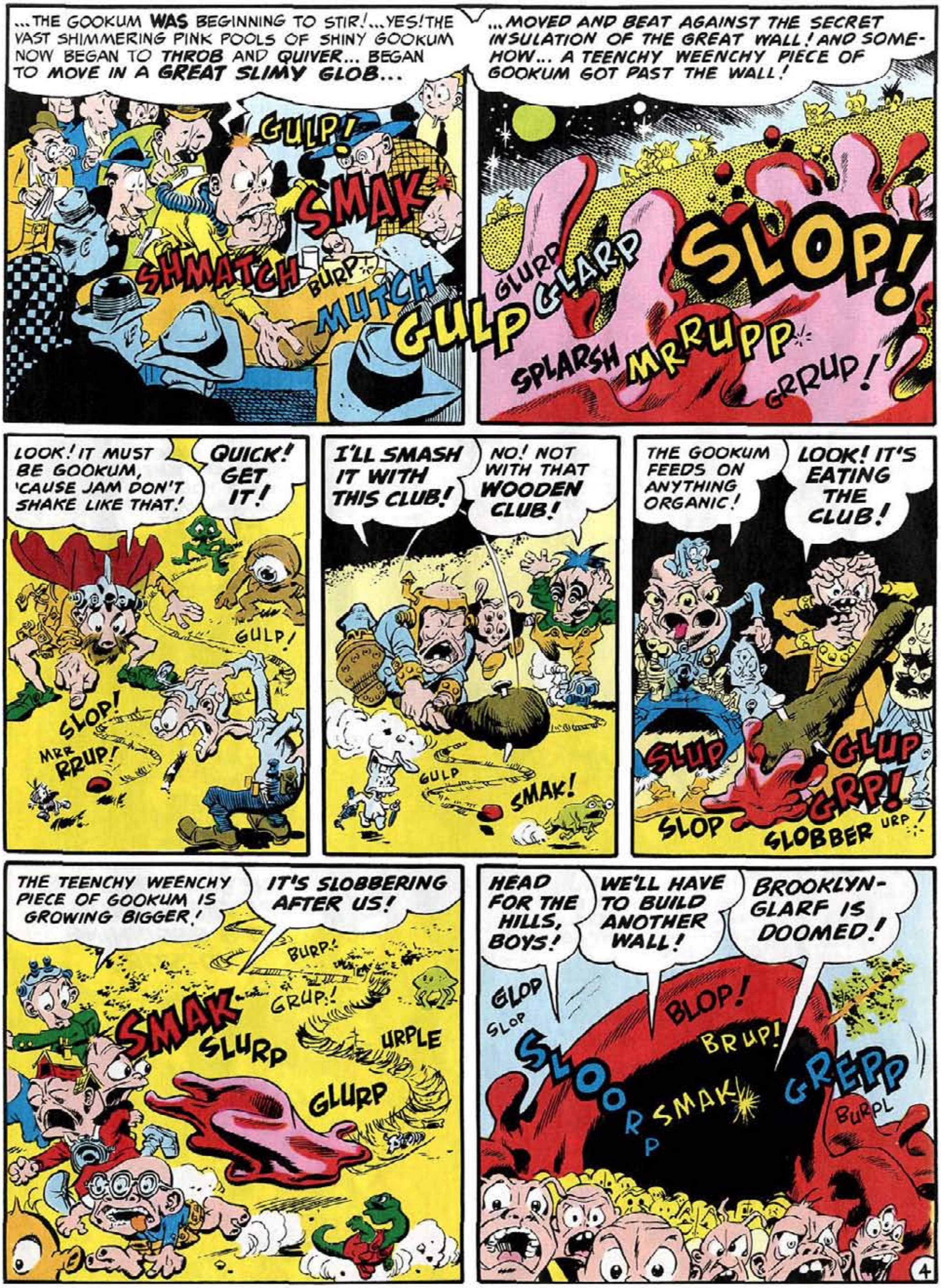


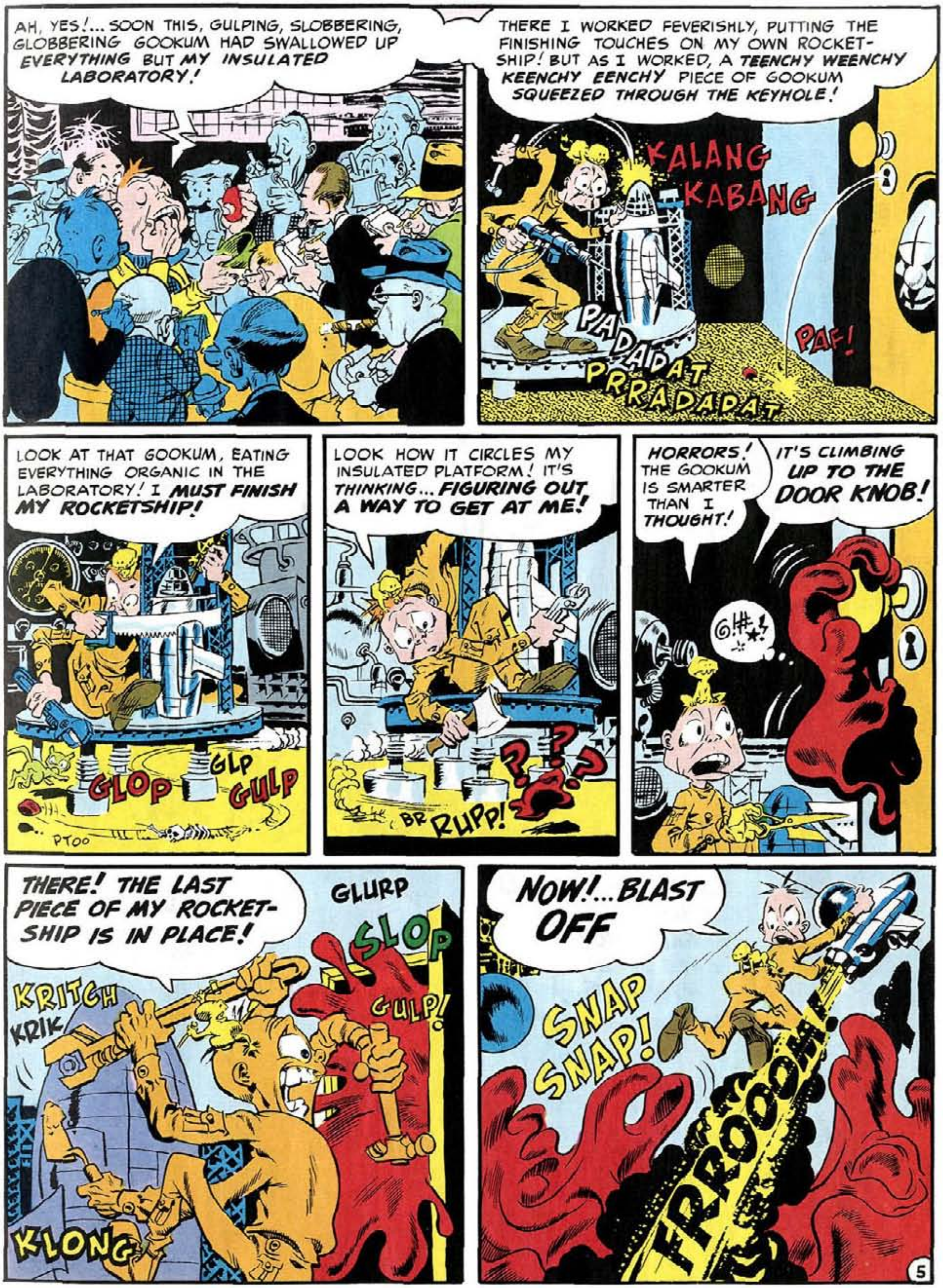
SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.: ***NIGHT!*** A MIGHTY, GLEAMING SPACE-SHIP SWOOPS GRACEFULLY OUT OF THE STARRY SKY MAKING A GENTLE LANDING ON THE NEVADA SANDS! INSIDE, GLARF NERFNICK, ***MARTIAN***, SITS, SHAKING AND HAGGARD FROM HIS ESCAPE FROM THE ...
GOOKUM!
FSSIEEEEEWOOP
BOINK
BA DOINK!
melvin wood
GOSH! A ROCKET SHIP!
IT MUST HAVE COME FROM MARS!
HE MUST BE A ***MARSH***MALLOW!
HEY, YOU! SPEAKUM ENGLISH?
WE... NEWS-PAPER REPORTERS!
YOU GOTTUM COUPLE WORDS FOR PRESS? SAVVY?
HO-HUM! AS IN ***MOST*** SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES, I HAVE AN AUTOMATIC TRANSLATOR MACHINE THAT WILL ENABLE US TO CONVERSE! BUT I'M HUNGRY! SHALL WE EAT?
1



AAAH! THIS IS BETTER! IF YOU REPORTERS WILL EXCUSE ME, I'LL TELL YOU MY STORY WHILE I EAT! WAITER! LET ME HAVE SOME STEWED HOMINY GRITS AN' FRIED JAMBO LEAVES!
MY STORY STARTS AS A HAPPY YOUTH, STROLLING ALONG THE GOWANUSGLARF CANAL IN THE LITTLE MARTIAN CITY OF BROOKLYNGLARF WITH MY GRANDFATHER!
COME, LITTLE GLARF! IT IS TIME TO TELL YOU THE FACTS OF LIFE... TO TELL YOU OF THE GREAT WALL!
THE GREAT WALL... BUILT BY OUR ANCESTORS MANY YEARS AGO!
FOR THE FIRST TIME LITTLE GLARF, I SHALL TAKE YOU OUTSIDE THE GREAT WALL!
CHEE, GRANFODDER! THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' THIS SIDE OF THE GREAT WALL!
NOTHING, GLARF! N-NOTHING HERE GLARF! N-N-N-NOTHING BUT THE GOOKUM!
M-MILES AND MILES OF SHIMMERING, JELLY-LIKE PINK GOOKUM! THIS IS WHY OUR ANCESTORS BUILT THE GREAT WALL, LITTLE GLARF!... TO PROTECT US FROM THE GOOKUM!
I'M AFRAID I DON'T QUITE FOLLOW YOU, GRANDFODDER!
THIS GOOKUM LIVES, LITTLE GLARF! RIGHT NOW THE GOOKUM SLEEPS... LIES DORMANT! FOR 500 YEARS IT HAS SLEPT, BUT SOON IT WILL WALK AND COME AFTER US! THIS GOOKUM IS FANTASTIC... LIKE A THING FROM EARTH!


AND SO... I LIVED IN THE LITTLE CITY OF BROOKLYNGLARF ON THE GOWANUSGLARF CANAL! AS I GREW INTO MANHOOD, I DECIDED TO BE A PHYSICIST!
...BEING A PARTICULARLY BRILLIANT STUDENT, INTERESTED IN THE FUTURE WELFARE OF MY PLANET, I DEVOTED ALL MY TIME TO PERFECTING A ROCKETSHIP THAT WOULD GET ME THE HECK OUTTA THERE IN CASE THE GOOKUM CLIMBED THE GREAT WALL!
2 PLUS ONE... MOVE THE DECIMAL POINT...
DON'T FORGET THE X-FACTOR!
A MINUS THE SQUARE ROOT! EQUALS ZIBBEN UND TZVONTZIK!
E=MC²
PLUS THE SQUARE ROOT... ZOOT SUIT... ROOTY TOOT TOOT...
GLARF! GLARF!
BLAST IT, MAN! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU, MELVIN, NOT TO INTERRUPT ME WHILE I'M THINKING?
SPLAT!
... ... SORRY, OLD FELLOW! LOST MY TEMPER! NERVES YOU KNOW... WHAT WITH THIS FILTHY GOOKUM BUSINESS...
THAT'S IT, GLARF... THE GOOKUM!
THE 500 YEARS ARE UP! THE GOOKUM! IT'S BEGINNING TO STIR!
3

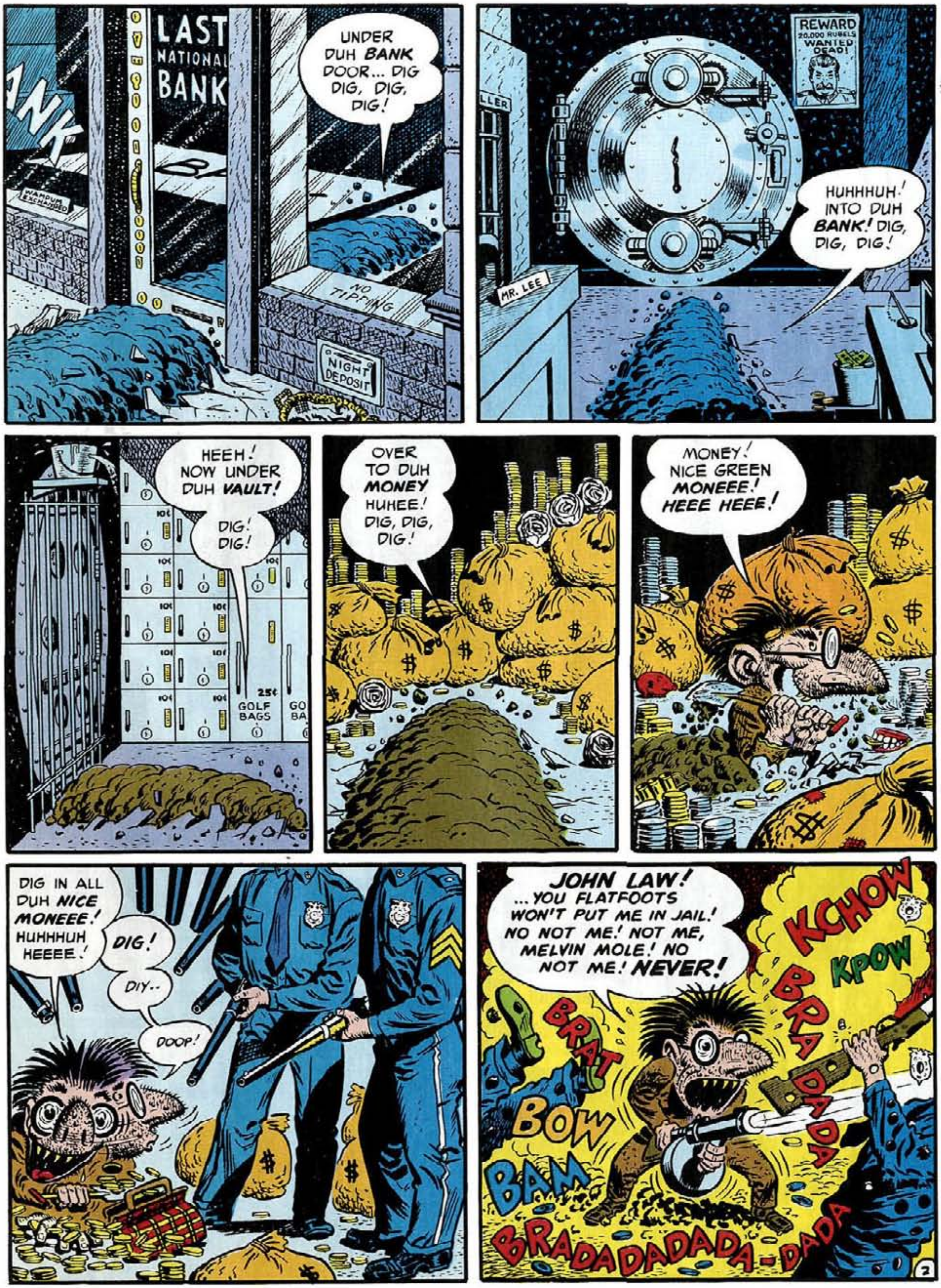

...THE GOOKUM WAS BEGINNING TO STIR!...YES! THE VAST SHIMMERING PINK POOLS OF SHINY GOOKUM NOW BEGAN TO THROB AND QUIVER... BEGAN TO MOVE IN A GREAT SLIMY GLOB...
GULP!
SMAK
SHMATCH
BURP
MUTCH
...MOVED AND BEAT AGAINST THE SECRET INSULATION OF THE GREAT WALL! AND SOMEHOW... A TEENCHY WEENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM GOT PAST THE WALL!
GULP
GLURP
GLARP
SLOP!
SPLARSH
MRRUPP
GRRUP!
LOOK! IT MUST BE GOOKUM, 'CAUSE JAM DON'T SHAKE LIKE THAT!
QUICK! GET IT!
GULP!
SLOP!
MRR RRUP!
I'LL SMASH IT WITH THIS CLUB!
NO! NOT WITH THAT WOODEN CLUB!
GULP
SMAK!
THE GOOKUM FEEDS ON ANYTHING ORGANIC!
LOOK! IT'S EATING THE CLUB!
SLUP
GLUP
GRP!
SLOP
SLOBBER
URP!
THE TEENCHY WEENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM IS GROWING BIGGER!
IT'S SLOBBERING AFTER US!
BURP
GRUP!
SMAK
SLURP
URPLE
GLURP
HEAD FOR THE HILLS, BOYS!
WE'LL HAVE TO BUILD ANOTHER WALL!
BROOKLYN-GLARF IS DOOMED!
GLOP
SLOP
SLOOORP
BLOP!
BRUP!
SMAK
GREPP
BURPL
4



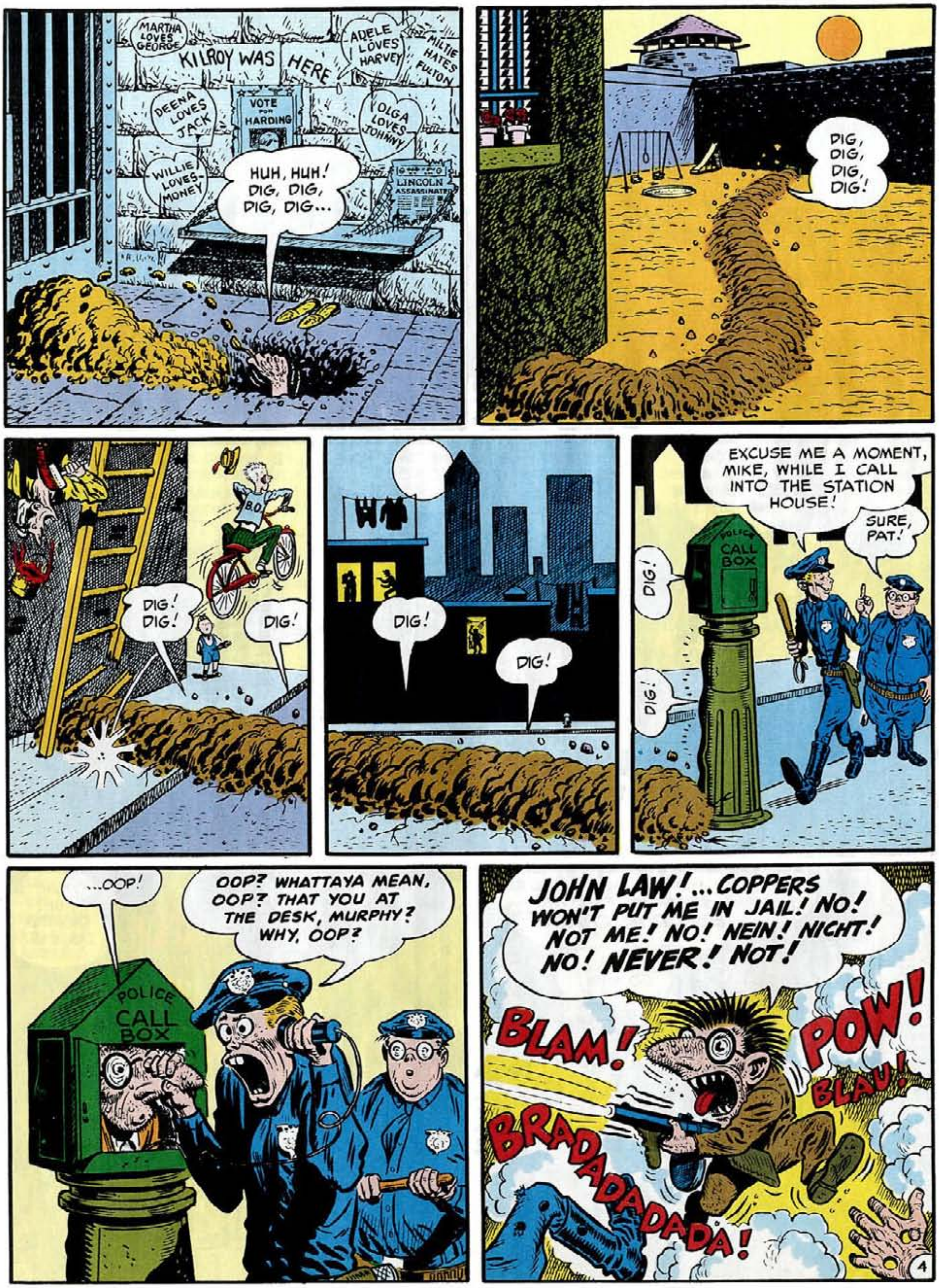
AH, YES!... SOON THIS, GULPING, SLOBBERING, GLOBBERING GOOKUM HAD SWALLOWED UP EVERYTHING BUT MY INSULATED LABORATORY!
THERE I WORKED FEVERISHLY, PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON MY OWN ROCKET-SHIP! BUT AS I WORKED, A TEENCHY WEENCHY KEENCHY EENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM SQUEEZED THROUGH THE KEYHOLE!
KALANG KABANG
PADADAT PRRADADADAT
PAF!
LOOK AT THAT GOOKUM, EATING EVERYTHING ORGANIC IN THE LABORATORY! I MUST FINISH MY ROCKETSHIP!
GLOP GLP GULP
PTOO
LOOK HOW IT CIRCLES MY INSULATED PLATFORM! IT'S THINKING... FIGURING OUT A WAY TO GET AT ME!
BRRUPP!
HORRORS! THE GOOKUM IS SMARTER THAN I THOUGHT!
IT'S CLIMBING UP TO THE DOOR KNOB!
THERE! THE LAST PIECE OF MY ROCKET-SHIP IS IN PLACE!
GLURP
SLOP
GULP!
KRITCH
KRIK
KLONG
NOW!... BLAST OFF
SNAP SNAP!
FRROOOOM!

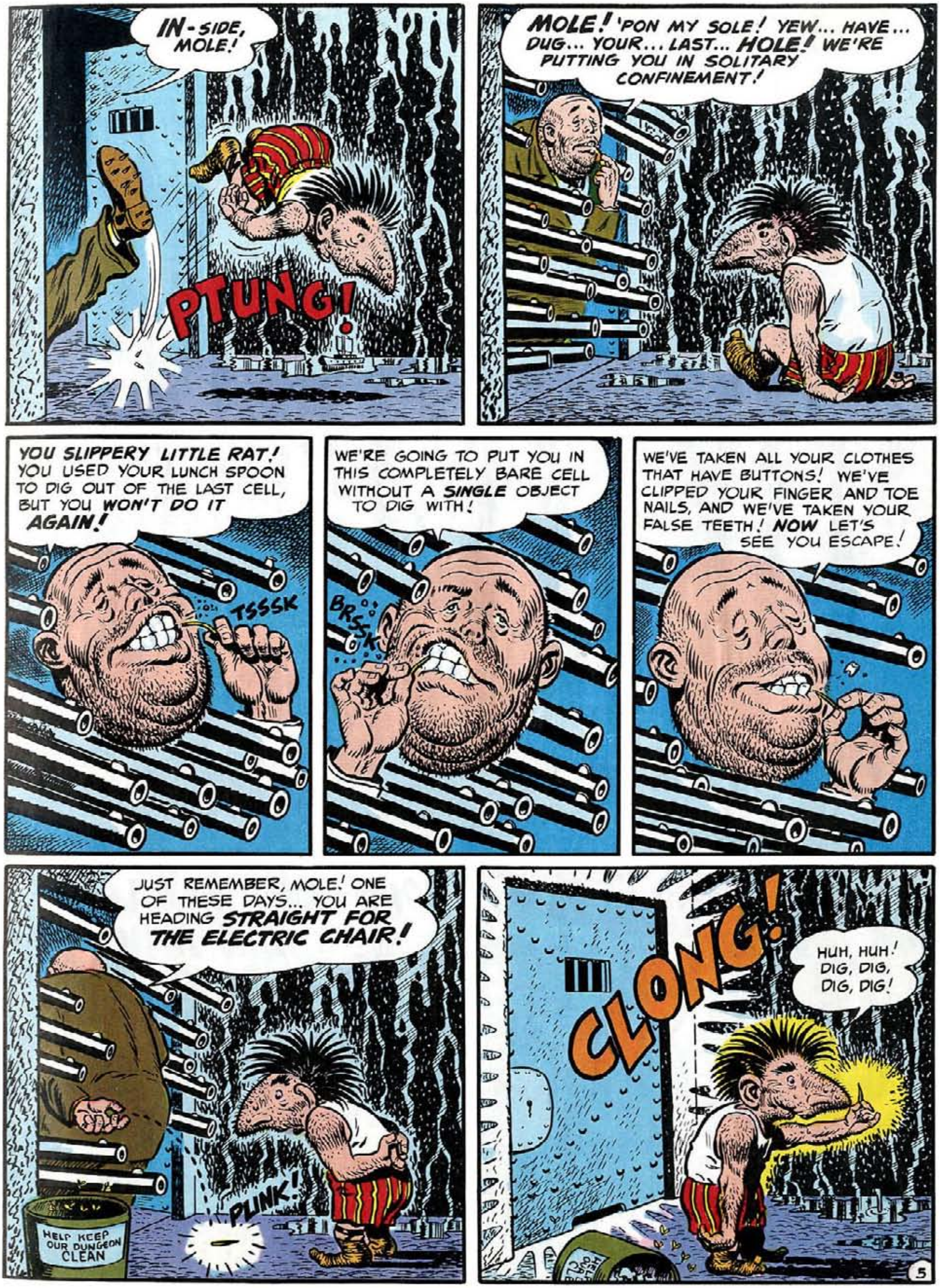

YES, GENTLEMEN! I ESCAPED FROM THE GOOKUM ON MARS ONLY BY THE BAREST BIT OF SHEER LUCK!
THE GOOKUM SHALL STAY ON THE RAMPAGE FOR A WHILE, AND THEN IT WILL GO BACK TO SLEEP AGAIN!
PIK
...AND THEN IT WILL LIE IN FLAT PINK SHIMMERING POOLS, INNOCENT AS A QUIET POND OF WATER... NEVERTHELESS... SINISTER DORMANT GOOKUM!
BUT, WHY TALK OF THAT! HERE I AM, EATING A FINE EARTHIAN MEAL!... I SHALL LAUGH, HA HA, AND BE HAPPY! THE GOOKUM IS OUT OF MY LIFE FOREVER!
HERE IS YOUR DESSERT, SIR!
CHERRY JELLO PARFAIT... TOPPED WITH AMERICAN ICE CREAM... THAT IS!
AAAAH... THIS HOW-YOU-CALL IT... ICE CREAM IS GOOD! NOW WHAT IS UNDERNEATH...
PTAAH
THAT... HOW-YOU-CALL IT... CHERRY JELLO PARFAIT! HOW WE CALL IT IN MARS IS...
D-DORMANT GOOKUM!
6

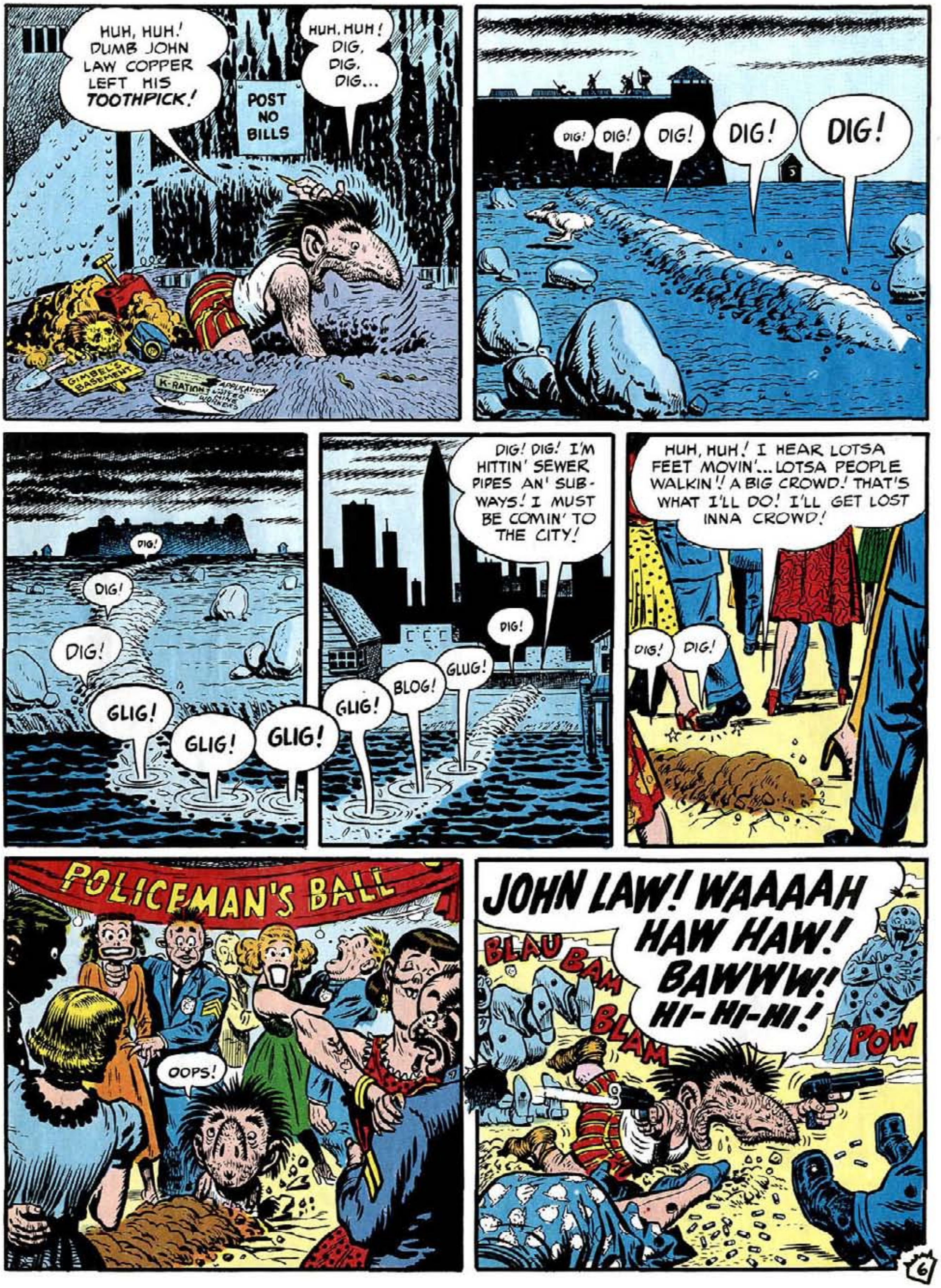

CRIME DEPT.! ALL YOU OUT THERE WHO ASPIRE TO BE CRIMINALS... YOU WHO FOLLOW THE PATHS OF EVIL! THIS STORY IS FOR YOU!... THE STORY OF A FELLOW WHO DUG HIS WAY INTO BANK VAULTS... WHO DUG HIS WAY OUT OF JAILS... AND WHO WOUND UP IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!...FELLOW BY NAME OF MELVIN
MOLE!
MELVIN ELDER
HUH HUH! DIG! DIG!
HUH HUH! DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG!
HUH HUH! STRAIGHT TO DUH BANK VAULT! DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG!
LAST NATIONAL BANK
BANK
LAST NATIONAL BANK
1

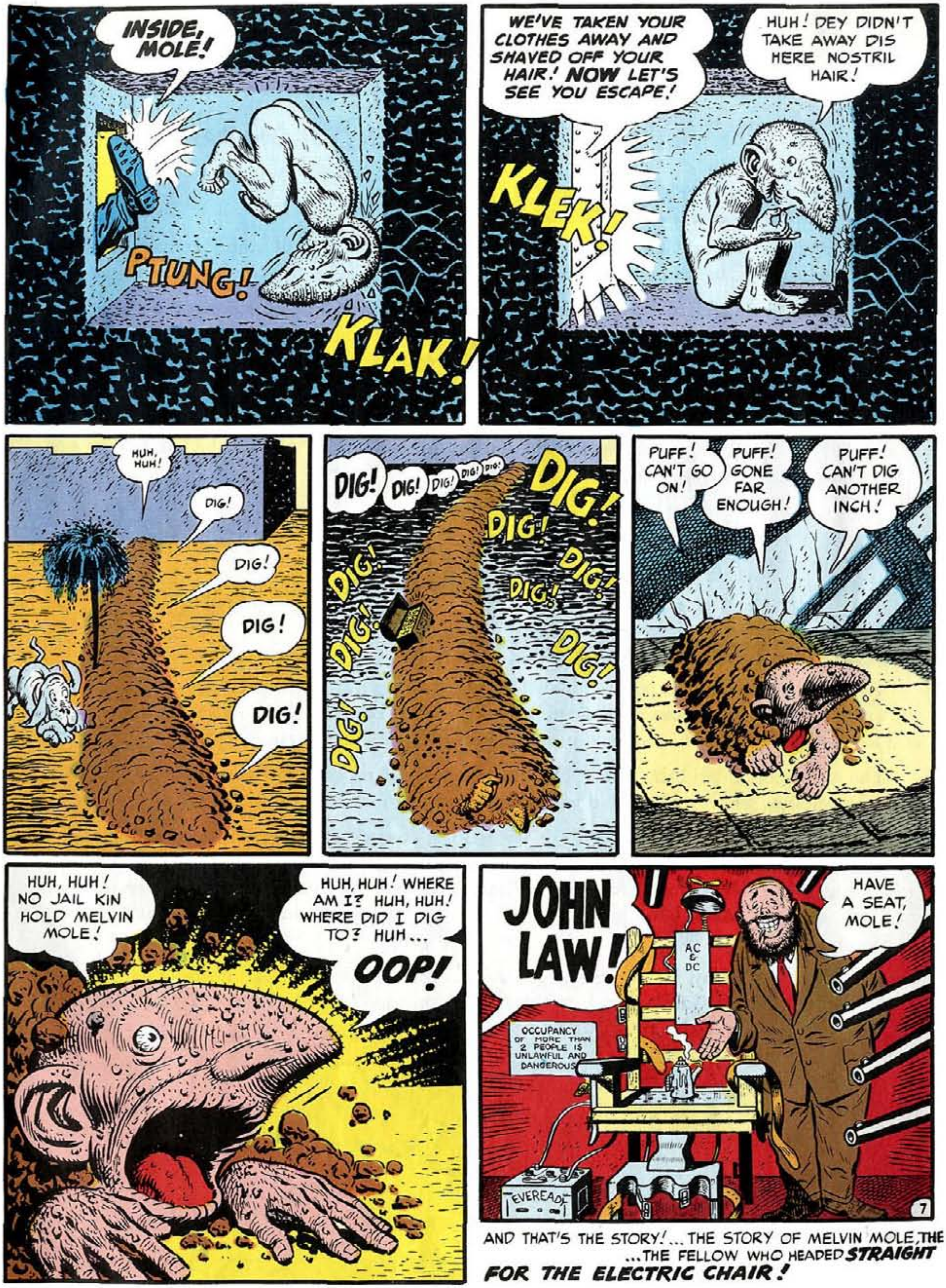

LAST NATIONAL BANK
UNDER DUH BANK DOOR... DIG DIG, DIG, DIG!
NO TIPPING
NIGHT DEPOSIT
REWARD 20,000 RUBELS WANTED DEAD!
MR. LEE
HUHHHUH! INTO DUH BANK! DIG, DIG, DIG!
HEEH! NOW UNDER DUH VAULT!
DIG! DIG!
GOLF BAGS
OVER TO DUH MONEY HUHEE! DIG, DIG, DIG!
MONEY! NICE GREEN MONEEE! HEEE HEEE!
DIG IN ALL DUH NICE MONEEE! HUHHHUH HEEEE!
DIG!
DIY..
DOOP!
JOHN LAW! ...YOU FLATFOOTS WON'T PUT ME IN JAIL! NO NOT ME! NOT ME, MELVIN MOLE! NO NOT ME! NEVER!
KCHOW
KPOW
BRA DADA
BRAT
BOW
BAM
BRADADADADA-DADA
2


IN-SIDE, MOLE!
WHICH ONE HAS THE TONI?
MEET MISS SUBWAYS
PTUNG!
WATCH HIM, MEN! HE'S A SLIPPERY LITTLE RAT! YOU'VE DUG YOUR LAST HOLE, MOLE! YOU'RE UNDER CONTROL!
NOW HERE'S YOUR LUNCH, MOLE... BUT DON'T TRY ANYTHING! WE'RE WISE TO YOUR WAYS!
SLIPPERY ROCK
WE KNOW ABOUT THE TIME YOU DUG YOUR WAY INTO FORT KNOX... SO DON'T TRY ANYTHING!
WE KNOW ABOUT THE TIME YOU DUG YOUR WAY OUT OF DEVIL'S ISLAND... SO DON'T TRY ANYTHING!
MIND MY WORDS, MOLE! YOU'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
LET'S GO MEN!
PATRISSY'S
CLANG!
HUH, HUH! DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG!
3


MARTHA LOVES GEORGE
KILROY WAS HERE
ADELE LOVES HARVEY
MILTIE HATES FULTON
DEENA LOVES JACK
VOTE
HARDING
OLGA LOVES JOHNNY
WILLIE LOVES MONEY
LINCOLN
HUH, HUH! DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG...
DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG!
B.O.
DIG! DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, MIKE, WHILE I CALL INTO THE STATION HOUSE!
SURE, PAT!
POLICE CALL BOX
DIG!
DIG!
...OOP!
OOP? WHATTAYA MEAN, OOP? THAT YOU AT THE DESK, MURPHY? WHY, OOP?
POLICE CALL BOX
JOHN LAW!...COPPERS WON'T PUT ME IN JAIL! NO! NOT ME! NO! NEIN! NICHT! NO! NEVER! NOT!
BLAM!
POW!
BLAU!
BRADADADADA!


IN-SIDE, MOLE!
PTUNG!
MOLE! 'PON MY SOLE! YEW... HAVE... DUG... YOUR... LAST... HOLE! WE'RE PUTTING YOU IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT!
YOU SLIPPERY LITTLE RAT! YOU USED YOUR LUNCH SPOON TO DIG OUT OF THE LAST CELL, BUT YOU WON'T DO IT AGAIN!
TSSSK
WE'RE GOING TO PUT YOU IN THIS COMPLETELY BARE CELL WITHOUT A SINGLE OBJECT TO DIG WITH!
BRSSK
WE'VE TAKEN ALL YOUR CLOTHES THAT HAVE BUTTONS! WE'VE CLIPPED YOUR FINGER AND TOE NAILS, AND WE'VE TAKEN YOUR FALSE TEETH! NOW LET'S SEE YOU ESCAPE!
JUST REMEMBER, MOLE! ONE OF THESE DAYS... YOU ARE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
PLINK!
HELP KEEP OUR DUNGEON CLEAN
CLONG!
HUH, HUH! DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG!


HUH, HUH! DUMB JOHN LAW COPPER LEFT HIS TOOTHPICK!
POST NO BILLS
HUH, HUH! DIG, DIG, DIG...
GIMBEL'S BASEMENT
K-RATION
DIG! DIG! DIG! DIG! DIG!
DIG! DIG! DIG!
GLIG! GLIG! GLIG!
DIG! DIG! I'M HITTIN' SEWER PIPES AN' SUBWAYS! I MUST BE COMIN' TO THE CITY!
DIG!
GLIG! BLOG! GLUG!
HUH, HUH! I HEAR LOTSA FEET MOVIN'... LOTSA PEOPLE WALKIN'! A BIG CROWD! THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GET LOST INNA CROWD!
DIG! DIG!
POLICEMAN'S BALL
OOPS!
JOHN LAW! WAAAAH HAW HAW! BAWWW! HI-HI-HI!
BLAU BAM BLAM
POW
6


INSIDE, MOLE!
PTUNG!
KLAK!
WE'VE TAKEN YOUR CLOTHES AWAY AND SHAVED OFF YOUR HAIR! NOW LET'S SEE YOU ESCAPE!
KLEK!
HUH! DEY DIDN'T TAKE AWAY DIS HERE NOSTRIL HAIR!
HUH, HUH!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG! DIG! DIG! DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
PUFF! CAN'T GO ON!
PUFF! GONE FAR ENOUGH!
PUFF! CAN'T DIG ANOTHER INCH!
HUH, HUH! NO JAIL KIN HOLD MELVIN MOLE!
HUH, HUH! WHERE AM I? HUH, HUH! WHERE DID I DIG TO? HUH...
OOP!
JOHN LAW!
AC & DC
OCCUPANCY OF MORE THAN 2 PEOPLE IS UNLAWFUL AND DANGEROUS
HAVE A SEAT, MOLE!
7
AND THAT'S THE STORY!... THE STORY OF MELVIN MOLE, THE ...THE FELLOW WHO HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

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